THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

INTERESTING SUNDAY READING MATTER.

Cardinal Newman's Irony When Aroused Public House Pian of the Bishop of Chester-Various Religious Items.

FATHER'S CHILD.

by little girl to-night with childish glee, igh her months had numbered not

two score, caped her nurse, and at my study door, With tiny fingers rapping, spoke to me; Though faint her words, I heard them

Fall from her lips, as if the darkness

lts weight upon her. "Father's child."
No more
I waited for, but straightway willingly
I brought the sweet intruder into light
With happy laughter. Even so some

When, from the nursing earth escaped and free, My soul shall try in her first infant

To seek God's chamber, these two words

Those that will make him ope his door

R. T. W. Duke, Jr.

Cardinal Newman's Irony. Mention has often been made of the ower of Cardinal Newman as a polemic. le could dip his pen in gall and wormwood, and yet be as gentle as the wind to the shorn lamb. He had wenderful power as a controversialist, and could stab his antagonist to the heart, and still preserve the moods of a higher and better spirit. Perhaps the most remarkable instance of his putting an adversary to rebuke was given in his turning upon the late Charles Kingsley, who accused him in a magazine article of tampering with truth, and of saying that it need not, and on the whole ought not, to be a virtue with the Roman clergy. This accusation was the final ounce that broke the camel's back. For twenty years Cardinal Newman had borne every form of vilification because he had left the Church of England. It seemed as if certain people in that church would never cease to pour upon him their wrath and bitterness. It was subsequently known that to him the leaving of the Church that to him the leaving of the Church of England was like a man tearing out his own heart, and it is now known that the agony of it crippled and saddened his whole subsequent life. His farewell to his English friends is one of the saddest and most pathetic paragraphs in English letters, and the companion piece to that paragraph is found in the passage in which he concludes his dealing with Mr. Kingsley, in the preface of his "Apologia." It is little known, and it is so full of the vital truth as to Cardinal Newman's struggles in leaving one communion and entering another, that we quote it in full. He has dealt with Mr. Kingsley's insinuations at great length, and then he concludes with this remarkable Whatever judgment my readers may 'Whatever judgment my readers may eventually form of me from these pages. I am confident that they will believe me in what I shall say in the course of them. I have no misgiving at all that they will be ungenerous or harsh with a man who has been so long before the eyes of the world; who has so many to speak of him from personal knowledge; whose natural impulse has eyer been to speak out, who impulse has ever been to speak out; who has ever spoken too much rather than too little; who would have saved himself many a scrape if he had been wise enough to hold his tongue; who has ever enough to hold his tongue; who has ever been fair to the doctrines and arguments of his opponents; who has never slurred over facts and reasonings which told against himself; who has never given his name or authority to proofs which he thought unsound, or to testimony which he did not think at least plausi-ble, who has never shrunk from confesswhich he did not think at least plausi-ble; who has never shrunk from confess-ing a fault when he felt that he had com-mitted one; who has ever consulted for others more than for himself; who has given up much that he loved and prized and could have retained, but that he loved honesty better than name, and truth honesty better than name, and truth better than dear friends." Seldom has a man put his defense into simpler or stronger words, written in his heart's stronger words, written in his heart's blood, and to-day every one who knows his history declares them to be true. The next words express, perhaps, the finest example of irony in English literature. He proceeds thus: "And now I am in a train of thought higher and more serone than the control of the contro example of fronty in English details. He proceeds thus: "And now I am in a train of thought higher and more serene than any which standers can disturb. Away with you, Mr. Kingsley, and fly into space." Was ever an antagonist hurled out of the way more effectually with the stroke of the pen? He adds: "I shall henceforth occupy myself, not with the stroke of the pen? He adds: "I shall henceforth occupy myself, not with you, but with your charges." There are other instancese where Cardinal Newman was equally sharp, but this passage is historic. It was these charges that led to the writing of the most remarkable religious autobiography in the language.—
Boston Herald.

Boston Herald. The Bishop of Chester's Public House Plan.

Not long since the Bishop of Chester gave a mild shock to some of the unco' his episcopal dignity would permit, he should like to turn up his sleeves and show how a model public house should be conducted. This rather uncommon episcopal ambition has since materialized in-to a definite and well-matured plan, which the Bishop and others intend to urge upon the next Parliament. On November 28th, he explained his scheme before a large and enthusiastic meeting of the most influential people of Oxford. His proposal is based on the four following proposi-

1. Alcoholic intemperance, with its train of evil consequences, is still far too common, and the drink bill of the coun-

try is excessive.

2. The English public house system stands in urgent need of reform, and with shorter hours of labor, the question of the entertainment of the people must grow in significance and importance.

3. The use of alcoholic beverages must be accepted as inevitable, though under an improved system the amount and manner of use might be largely and wholescomely modified.

reformers are not so satisfactory as to render another experiment on new lines

superfluous.

The Bishop, therefore, proposes the following plan: The government, after due notice to the keepers of public houses and licensed victuallers, to transfer the business which they have heretofore been licensed to conduct into the hands of stock companies, who should carry them on under governmental or municipal in-spection. Neither the shareholders nor pection. Neither the shareholders are managers engaged by them should the husiness rive any profits from the business beyond a fixed percentage on the amount invested. All the profits accruing beyond this should be turned over to the govern ment and applied by it to the public wel fare, often being returned for local ob-

The essence of the plan is a change of tive power in the conduct of publicuses from greed of gain to philan thropic interest in the people's welfare. Its watchword is "no profit to the seller." The plan is recommended for trial in England upon the ground that it has had long and successful trial in Norway, weden, and Switzerland, in a somewhat modified form, and would, it is claimed, duce the number of public houses, place those which remain under government control, increase the cost of liquor, and improve the social condition and brighten nd elevate the whole life of the So long as the main motive for the keep-ing of public houses was private profit on the sale of alcohol, the Bishop mainwhole socal life of the community, was compromised. This motive would be entirely removed by the adoption of the sim ple plan proposed.

Magnetic People.

Magnetic qualities in a person are quite different from magnetic qualities in the loadstone. A magnet attracts to itself by its drawing power. A magnetic gerson

attracts to himself by his power of giving out, rather than his power of holding in. His look and voice and hand touch thrill another by their imparting of himself, in loving interest, to that other. In order to be magnetically attractive, a person must not endeavor to be attractive. He must pour out of himself, instead of pull-ing toward himself. Self-forgetfulness ing toward himself. Self-forgetfulness and unselfish interest in athers are essential to magnetic power in personality. Only he who has no thought of attractiveness can be magnetically attractive. And just here is where so many who would like to be magnets fail of being magnetic.—Sunday-School Times.

George IV. and Sunday Desecration. George IV., when Prince of Wales, ap-pointed a grand military review to be held on Sunday. The plous and venerable Bishop Porteous, then Bishop of London, heard of it, and, though he had been con-fined for some time to his habitation by the Blness which issued in his death, five days after, yet he hastened to the palace, and sought an interview with the Prince. Peeble, and almost voiceless, he entered the royal apartment, supported by two attendants. The scene was very affecting. With the tenderness of a father, and with the carnestness of one expecting soon to change worlds, he represented the evil and sin of dishonoring God's holy day and urged the Prince to consider the had effects which the example of one of his exalted station would have upon the minds of millions of people. The good bishop closed with the expression of respect that his infirmities did not permit him to advance and give his last blessing to the heir of England's throne. The Prince much affected fell on his kneed. Prince, much affected, fell on his kneed while the venerable man of God implored the blessing of heaven on His Royal Highness, rejolcing that the last act of his failing strength was thus to attempt to stop the progress of Sunday desecration.

"Brother Long." The good old Bishop of Chester was most careful never to give an opinion when it was unneccessary. Soon after a new vicar had been presented to a living in Chester, the Bishop was in the congregation with two clergymen, and heard him preach. On their way home heard him preach. On their way home the one priest said that he thought the sermon "rather high." The other re-marked that he thought it "rather low." They then turned to the Bishop and asked him what they thought of it. The Bishop, cleverly avoiding the issue raised remarked, with perfect self-possession that he thought it "rather long," Or another occasion, when asked what he thought of a vicar, he answered that he thought he was "a middle aged man."

The Salvation Army is a large subject to handle, and it is the part of wisdom o "go easy" in dealing with it. Its 'work" throughout the world (one might better say, "its statistics," for who knows what its work shall be?) for 1892 is officially reported as follows: "2,084 corps, 1.253 in England; 11,056 officers, 4,727 in England; 31 weekly papers and 5 monthly papers, in 37 languages, with a circula-tion of 45,000,000." In the United States "464 corps, 68 outposts, 1,456 officers, slum posts, 3 rescue homes, and 1 food and shelter depot. Indoor meetings have been held in 500 cities with attendance of 20,000,000 people"; but why quote farther? The Society of Christian Endeavor is half the age of the Salvation Army and fully as large. One does not wish to be only a Gamuliel about these things: "Refrain from these men and let them alon etc. But even 29,000,000 people are a drop in the world's bucket, and would not look so many if they were in Central Asia

The American branch of the Salvation Army has been holding a convention in New York. The first fact that confronts one about it is that New York took scarely any notice of it; one might say, no notice at all, in comparison with the ray in which all New the streets and let the Christian Endeavor people have the sidewalks. If it be ob-jected that the Christian Endeavor peo-nle were chiefly noticeable for their ple were chiefly noticeable for bright, fresh young women, gathered from all over the country, if not the world, and that New York always takes off its hat to pretty girls, it comes handy to say that there were quite as many pretty faces under the poke bennets of the Salyation Army. In proportion to York Churchman.

Necessities.

Personal purity. Family religion. Church membership. Parochial affiliation. Spiritual activity.

Religious Notes.

Moral development.

Leo XIII, is publishing his poems from the Vatican press in an edition de luxe. They consist of elegies, sonnets and even

epigrams, all in Latin. The Cambridge University Press (England) has now in preparation a small edition of the newly recovered "Gospel according to Peter" and "Apocalypse of

The government statistician has issued a return showing the religions of the peo-ple in the Australasian colonies, exclusive of aberigines, made out from information obtained by the census of 1891. The foi-

lowing are the particulars: Different announcements have been made about appointments to the College of Cardinals. Among the latest are those of Bishop Kopp and Archbishop Krementz, of Germany; Archbishop Vaughn, of England, who succeeded Cardinal Manning at Westminster, and Mgr. L. Galimbert, Panel Nuclear Wiener.

berti, Papal Nuncio at Vienna. Mr. Spurgeon's "Tabernacle" is not har-Mr. Spurgeon's "Tabernacle" is not har-monious just now. The other day a mem-ber of long standing was expelled from "the church" for a somewhat hasty let-ter to Mr. James Spurgeon. One of the congregation wanted to know of its tem-porary pastor, Rev. Dr. Plerson, "whether he was a baptized believer." The police at times have to be called in. That Mr. Spurgeon's great work should come.

ı	Church of Ergland	1,485,06
ı	Roman Catholics	801,11
H	Presbyterians	493,36
ı	Wesleyan Methodists	364,54
ı	Primitive Methodists	69,37
1	Other Methodists	10,43
1	Congregationalists	79,42
1	Baptists	87,17
1	Lutherans	76,43
1	Salvation Army	42,81
1	Jews	15,26
1	Buddhists, Confucians, Mohamme-	
1	dans, &c	46,16
1	All other religions	161.05
ı	Object to state and unspecified	TOTAL DESCRIPTION

Total.... 3,501,050 Mgr. Satolli, the Papal delegate to this ountry, has been given full power by the Holy See to hear and decide upon all con-troversies that may arise between the troversies that may arise between the clergy and the bishops as long as he shall remain in the country. He has been empowered to decide without appeal, and also for the sake of saving time, to dispense with the ordinary minutia of judicial processes. He will deal merely with the substantial facts of each case. In discharging the duties of his office he will be assisted by two clergymen whom he will name according to his own judgment and as the case permits or requires. It is understood that either the bishops or the clergy may avail them-selves of the opportunity offered by Mgr. Satolli's presence to expedite any ques-tion or litigation that may come up between them. There is a wide divergence of opinion in regard to this among the Catholic clergy, but it is generally under-Catholic chergy, but it is generally stood that very complicated questions will be referred to Rome. The friends of Cardinal Gibbons assert that the legate is in closest sympathy with him. The chief discussion centres around the school question, in regard to which Satolli has taken ground with Archbishop Ireland. There have been reports that Dr. Mc-Glynn would present his case again

AN OLD VIRGINIA STORY. Uncle Jerry Tells Why He Always Voted "The Dry Ticket."

[BY A LADY OF RICHMOND.] "Yes, fo' de wa', sah, I tuk my toddy as reg'lar as ole marse hisself, an' ole marse neber missed many days widout his mint julep fo' breakfus, his brandy an' water at dinner, an' his hot 'night cap' when he went to bed; not that ole marse 's'cess; no indeed, sah! Marse Randolph was a gem'man, ebry inch of him. He was as straight as dat Lombardy poplar dah, an' mos' as tall, an' his eyes were dat black an' keen dey look right thro' you, clean into de oder room, an' his nose was like de beak ob de eagle, sah, werry proud an' gran', an' he rode his bay mayar. Lightfoot, like he

been born an' raised horseback. "There was nothin' mean 'bout Marse Randolph, neider, all open an' 'buy board, an' nothin' underhanded, and I was his body servant an' knew all his ways. What me and Marse Randolph was we was. What oder people was dey wasn't. Now, Lawyer Corbin tuk his dram unbeknown to nobody, an' neber axed a soul to fine him, and Deacon Fisher got on big sprees, and kep it close, but dat was not de way wid me an' Marse Randolph. What we was, we was; what we wasn't

Now, Kitty neber believed in drinkin' sperrit, nothin' stronger than blackberry wind when you was sick, and sweet cider at harves'! Kitty was my wife, as good a creatur as eber libed—(she's dead now, a creatur as eber libed—(she's dead now, and gone to glory)—but, at times, as sot in her ways as any oman de Lord eber put a bonnet oul Kitty was all de white chillun's mammy; she nursed 'em all, sah, and dey lobed her dat dearly dat nothin on the whole plantation was too good for her, the could of warn for a silks on. for her; she could of worn fine silks an satins of she had chose. She used to 1 de to meeting' in de kerridge, ev'ry fifth Sunday, when Brer Tucker preached, wid me a drivin', and de leetlest chillun wid her ef it were a fine day. Kitty was a great rusticrat, an' held her head moughty high. She could red de Eible, write sum, an' knew how to teach de chillun' 'manners' mos' as well as Miss Alice herself. Dere were six leetle gals jes' like star steps, an' not a single boy in de fambly, and Kitty an' Miss Alice was sorry, an' Marse Randolph used to say de ole name gwine to die out. But time went on, an' lo, an' behole! one Christmas mornin' Marse Randolph rode down to 'de 'quarters,' his face jist a shinin', and he say: 'Jerry, call all de hands out, I want to gib dem a treat, an' I want dem all to wish me joy, and drink to de healf ob de fine boy up at the mansion, who com dis morning, bright and early, an' whose name is Randolph Carter, Jr., says he.

"Bless de Lord, says I, 'you don't say so—dats a Chris'mus' gif to be proud of, sure nuff, an' right from de' hand ob de

good Lord Hisself. Here, Sam, here Joh here, boys, come gratilate Marse Ran dolph. Bring out your cups an' drink de long life an' happiness ob de new boy

"Dev all crowded round, an' Mars Randolph called Toby, who was totin' d big jemi-john, an' poured out a pienty for all, an' den I gin de toast; 'Three cheers all, an' den I gin de toast; 'Three cheers for big Marse Randolph, and three cheers for high Marse Randolph, and three cheers for nthe Marse Randolph—de lost is found, de dead is come to life agin, let's kill the fatted calf.' Marse Randolph lafed right hearty, an' say 'he hoped de baby won't be no profliget son, no how."
"Well, gem'men, dere was gran' doin's
up at de house dat Chris'mus-folks come from far an' near to see dat leetle boy, an' gratilate Marse Ran an' Miss Alice, an' bof on 'em was mighty happy an' proud, but, sah, my wife, Kitty, were de proudest of all! De oder chillun' want no whar now wid her—it was 'leetle 'leetle Ran' with her all day long She used to walk up an' down de gravel walk sunny days, up an' down, proud as a peacock, wid de leetle fellow in her arms, his long white close a' trailin', she a' talkin' to him, an' he a' cooin', like a wood pigcon-for he were a mighty peart baby from de very fust. "Well, lettle Ran grew rapid, an' ef I

do say it, gem'men, who shouldn't, he was de purtiest an' de brightest leetle chap dat eber I sot my ole eyes a pon, so mannish, too, an' dat takin' dat you couldn't help lettin' him hab his own way about ev'ry ting. He jist ruled de whole house, de chiliun. Miss Alice, me an' Kitty, an' lawsakes, he was de very spit o' Marse Randolph, and jist de apple o' his eye. He an' Miss Alice sot so much sto' by him dat I use to tell Kitty much sto by him dat I use to tell Kitty what on airtl w'd become on 'em ef de good Lord should see fit to take him up to glory, an' Kitty w'd get riled an' say: 'Hush, Jerry, hush, ole man, de good

But when Kitty's gray hairs went a mcanin' to de grabe, sah, she sed to me, sez she, "Ah! ole man, ef we had as much foresight as we had hindsight, de Lord's ways in futtin' down de young wouldn't seem so parst findin' out, but a marcy, an' a snatchin' from de evil to cum', sez

Well, sah, fo dat boy was knee-high to a duck, he were a ridin ch'ry colt on de plantation, an' a beggin' of his pa to let him go fox-huntin' wd de hounds, for it was a sight how he did love all de dorgs. I have seen him hug an' kiss, kiss an' hug ole Snip an' her pupples till Kitty w'd hab to cum an' pull him away, ayin' it was jist a shame she neb'er ould keep him decent for wollerin' wid could keep him decent for wollerin' wid de dorgs, hole'in 'em in his arms, an' a' leanin' of his curly hade aginst 'em. He allays gib 'em one harf his dinner, an' all his lunch, ef Kitty didn't watch him' an' he was dat free handed dat de leetle darkeys got all his toys, an' all his candy an' cents, an' Kitty had to tell 'em she would jist skin 'em alive ef dey didn't stop beggin' leetle Ran, an' fakin' all his things, for dey neber let him hab nothin' at all ob his own the day arter he got it, but dey did lub him dearly, as did eb'ry ting on de plantation, an' ole Jerry mos' ob all-and when I think ob him, sah, happy as de day was long, a gallopin' on his colt Samuel-he name him Samuel arter de leetle boy in de Bible-wid his yellow hyar a' flying', an his cheeks like roses, purtier dan any picture, neber feared o' nobody or nothin' but frien's wid all, an' so tender hearted dat he neber could hurt eben an ole molly hyar-an' den gittin' bigger an' bigger an' han'somer an han'somer, an' we all prouder an prouder ob him eb'ry day when I think ob him-O sahs, God forgil me!-but I carn't help wondering whar he was, and what he was a'doin', when he 'lowed poor leetle Ran, the finest piece

o' work he ever made out o' dust, I betto 'scape so intirely out o' his han's!

"Well, de wa' cum, you know all 'bout
it: 'taint worth while to harry yore feelin's rakin' up ole coals, which lie a
smoulderin', an' a' smoulderin' here in me, as I sets here in my cabin do', and smokes my pipe-Marse Randolph's pipe, sah-he left me, and steadles 'bout po' Miss Alice an' all dem gais, an' how Marse Randolph was brought home wid a bullet in his breast, an' called me to him, when he lay a' dyin', and saz, sez he: 'Jerry, I want you to promise me to be good to Miss Alice, an' de gyruls, an to take special keer of leetle Ran. I'm feard I lubed dat boy too much, an' dulged him too much for his good.

neber could deny him nothin', and dat was not raisin' him right.' was not raisin' him right.'

"Mars Randolph groaned hard, an' lifted his eyes up to heaben an' prayed de Lord to hab mercy upon the helpless ones. Miss Alice, de leetle gals, and his poor Ran.—an' den he sez: 'God bless you, my dear, faithful Jerry, an' good Kitty, too! I leabe 'em all to you.' An' den I could stan' it no longer, but went out in de woods, threw myself on de out in de woods, threw myself on de groun', an' cried out loud, for me an' Marse Randolph had been frien's for forty years, an' neber a cross word had he eber spoke to me, an' I neber thought he would go to glory ahead of me; an' soon Kitty cum, an' foun' me lyin' dere, an' tole me Marse Randolph was gone, and dere was nobody but us servants to and dere was nobody but us servants to bury him, for all de men were in de wa', preachers an' all. So I got up, an' went an' looked at Marse Randolph a' lyin' dere so gran' an' cyalm, like de warrior takin' his rest Miss Alice use' to sing about—an' dere was po' leetle Ran. on de bed beside him a' kissin' him, and a beggin' him not to leabe him, de chillun a' screamin' an' a cryin,' an' po' Miss Alice in a dead faint, an' Kitty a' rubbin' hep wid de tears a' streamin'

down her cheeks-oh! 'twas a sight to make de heart bleed! An' so, Miss Alice' mother cum, an' we tuk him to de grabe-yard under de cedars an' ole Miss she read de service, an' we all stood aroun', and sung the hymn Marse Randolph loved and sung the hymn Marse Randolph loved and taught us he self—for Marse Randolph allays lubed to hear us sing—De Lan' of Pure Delight'—and den we lowered de pine coffin I made wid my own han's, an' piled up de clods wid our spades, a sobbin' and a weepin' an' wailin', an' den we had to leabe him dar alone just as de sun was a' goin' down behine de hills, an' all de sky was yalbehine de hills, an' all de sky was yal-ler an' red like de oaks, an' de maples in de woods dat October evenin', an' 1 cast my eye up, an' thought I could mos' see de golden gates a showin' thro' de clouds, an' de angels a' grectin' Marse Randolph as he went in thro' 'em to de golden streets. An' so we went home solemn-like, an' a sort o' quiet. But, when I come back dar at night to see if all was right, I was struck wid a cold chill to see a heap o' something piled up on de grabe, an' I was right much skeered, for you know haunts will come about grabeyards. Kitty had seen many a one, dere, she said, so I came nigh rather slow, an' dere was po' little Ran, still a' cryin', wid his arms wrapped all aroun' ole Jack, Marse Randolph's dog, who was whinin' sorter pitiful-like. I tuk him away in my arms, an' brought him to Kitty, who sat by him, holdin' his han' an' singin' to him all night long. Ah! them was sad, sad days! But time went on, an' bime by Miss Alice began to try to smile a lectle, an' take an' intrust in things for young Ran's sake father's place some wid her, for he was growin' to be de very spit ob Marse Randolph, and she began to lean on him an' look up to him, an an de color tole her he was such a scollard, an' goin' del des days day look up to him, an' all de teachers to be a great man some ob dese days—dat she must send him to de 'Varsity to learn law-but Miss Alice couldn't git her own consent to part wid him, tell she saw Ran himself was sot on goin', an' den she gib in. But Kitty held out, an' begged him not to leabe us, for all our hearts were bound up in him, pintedly Kitty's

Carroll's Neck, an' lubed de very groun' he walked on-eberybody could see." "But he went, howsumever, mo's de pity, an' all our hearts went wid him in' arfter he had kissed Miss Alice an' de gyuris many times, all ob em a cry-ing, he warn't ashamed-big, grown lad dat he was-to put his strong young a:ms roun' Kitty's neck, huggin' her tight wid tears in his eyes, seyin' Good-bye, dear old mammy—no matter how ole I git, or how wise, I'll allays be de same Ran to you,' an' he allays was, sah! "De whole place seemed lonesome wid-

out him. Eben de horses an' dorgs seem-

el to miss him, an' up at de house 'twas

nos' as mouraful as when Marse Ran-

an' mine, an' she tole me Ran knew too much now, he'd better stay at home

manage de plantation, settle down, an' marry purty Rose Carroll, who owned

dolph died; | | | de letters began to come an' Miss Alice she read em to Kitty, an Kitty tole me how de 'fessors all wrot he was doin' fine, an' head of ebeybody an' gwine to make his mark, an' so were all moughty proud an' glad. But, one Chistmas, I neber sall forgit it, sah 'twas de fust of ob our fears an' tro bles), dere was so much egg-nog an' wine a' flowin' like water, dat Ran, our man Ran, sah, drunk too much, an' had to go to bed, an' stay dar all Chris'mus lay, an' we were so shamed, Kitty an' me, we tele stories for him an' po' Miss Alice neber 'spicioned nothin'-she wouldn't hardly a' believed us ef we had ole her de trufe. When he got all right come to his room, an' talked to him, or I felt 'sponsible for him; Marse Ran-lolph had lef him to me, an' I tole him dis would neber do, he mus promise me he wd. neber do so no more, it would kill his ma ef she knew it, all her hopes were sot on him, an' she had nothin' else on arth but him to lean on, an' he romised faithful dis should neber happ gen; he was mighty sorry an' ashan n' 'fessed to me he lubed his toddy nuch, and when he begun to drink didn't care for nothin' so he got en Arfter dat I neber was casy 'bout h but I tole nobody but Kitty, an' Kit shock her head an' groaned hard, 'To she said, 'It run in de fam'bly to drin ard, an' it seemed like when dey bess ard, an' it seemed like when dey bess dey couldn't stop. Marse Randoiph al lays tuk a plenty hisself, an' handed down de tase, an' now, ef Ran got at it he'e neber stop 'till he kill hisself, sure, an buldn't take him long neith twouldn't take him long neither. Didn't I allays tell ye, Jerry, not to fool widslow pigen' sez she, 'you an' Marse Randolph hofe, an' now it struck ye to de heart, stingin' ye like de viper de Bible say it is.' Well, to make a long story short, sah, Kirif was right. Our boy went on from bad to wuss, an' Miss Alice, bein' bleeged at las' to fine it all out, just sunk to the ground under her load ob grief an' shame: she'd ast an oad ob grief an' shame; she'd set thight arter n'ght, a' prayin' to God hab mercy on her, an' sabe her bo, an' she d tell Kitty how she was thank ful Marse Randolph had not lived to se what had come to his only son, Rat was a' practicin' law in Richmon', a goin' out to parties, an' a great toase, desaid, when he would keep straight, b he was moughtly changed when he come home, sorter nervous an gloomy, an aothin like our Ran used to be at all Miss Alice grew paler and thinner ch'ry day, an her eyes began to hab a hunted

look in 'em, like de deer's, when he is shot, an' de houn's hab him at bay. Sho begged an' besought him to come away from de town whar dere are so many snar's and temptations, an' to stay at home wid her, an' make hisseif fit to marry sweet Rose Carroll, who lubed him schi, spite on alf, like we all did, an' i promised her he surely would try to come directly ariter Christ'mas; he could't come fo' den, 'cause he had to be bes' man to his frien', and had all his spite ob all, like we all did, an' i bizness to settle up beside, so Miss Alice uk heart, so she were moughtily feared of Chris'mas. Chris'mas was not de happy time it used to be, but full of ceat uneasiness an' anxiousness.
"Mis Alice sent for Miss Rose, an' dey two talked an' cried togedder a long time an' de purty color come back to Miss Rose's cheeks, an' ebryting seemed to be a lookin' up, an' a waiting an' a hopin' Miss Alice had Ran's room fixed up new an' nice, de men all busy a paperin' an a paintin', and Kitty was the busiest o all, a scourin, an' a cleanin, an'a dustin' all her aprons an' caps done up white a now for Marse Ran's sake, an' I had all de horses shinin' so you could see you faces in 'em, an' I rode for de mail reg'

lar twice a day-an' one day, sah"-th able to speak for a few moments, wiping his eyes with his bandana handkerchief Then making an effort to finish his sac story, he continued: "One day, sah, wher I got to de post'office I saw a big crowd dar 'roun' de telegraf man, an' de tole ne he had just heard de news on de wire dat Marse Ran had shot hisself dead day mornin' just about breakfast, an' dey would bring his body home on the de o'clock train. An' so, gem'men, I had to take dat yellow paper home to Miss Alice an' Miss Rose insted ob de letter dey was lookin' for. De young men who brough him tole us how he had de tremens, an' I tuk four men to hole him in bed, an' h didn't know what he a doin', when he seized a pistol from off de drawer fo' de

could stop him, an' sent a bullet right thro' his heart. Drunk or sober, Marse Ran was always a sure shot! "An' so we laid him beside his pa, an' stood by his grabe with a broken heart, gem'men, an' thought o' de night he an' de dorg lay togedder on the clods a weepin' for Marse Randolph, an' I said midst my streamin' tears: 'Oh, dat de chile had a died den, an' dere, or dat God had a taken him when Kitty was a walk in' him up an' down, up an' down, under

de trees. "An' so, ef you come to ax 'bout my pol'tics, and to see how I hab made up my mind to vote, I can only say, gem'men, I am an ole man, gittin' on fast to de grabe, an' I don't know ob nothin' bout your high license, an' your low license, but I do know, when I meet Marse Randolph, as I soon, mus' on de oder shore, I ken say I tried my bes' to take care of little Ran, but the whisky was too much for me, an' I couldn't! But, ef dere's any oder poor

boy like him, to be sabed, mebbe like him, boy like him, to be sabed, mebbe like him, too, de only son ob his mudder, an' she a widder, an' de Eible say, 'am I my lyrudder's keeper,' an' so long as my little Ran's blood cry to me from out de groun', oh, geta'men, you mus' oxcuse me, but ole Jerry feel dat nothin' an' nobody can keep him from votin' de 'dry ticket.'"



Mr. Robert W. Denvir An Exempt Fireman of Jackson Engine Co., Long Island City, N. Y., says that at Christmas, 1890, he could only take a smell of dinner, as he was in a fearful condition from Byspepsia. The next summer he went to Europe for his health, but came home uncurred. In the fall he decided upon a thorough trial of

Hood's Sarsaparilla And by Christmas had a hearty appetite, healthy direction, and was perfectly well. His cure was due wholly to Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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140 barrets FAMILY FLOUR (sample).
1509 bushels GOOD MERCHAN'ABLE BOLTED MEAL (sample).
2000 pounds HICE (sample).
1,200 pounds LIGHT BROWN SIGAR (sample) pounds BULK MEATS (butts, bellies, shoulders and sides).
1,200 pounds TURPENTINE SOAP (supple).
2,200 pounds GROUND COFFEE (sample).

2,250 pounds GROUND COFFEE (samply, 156 pounds BLACK GRAINED PEPPE)

(sample).
5 barrels VINEGAR (sample).
1,809 gallons LOW GRADE SYRUP or MOLASSES (sample).
359 gallons KEROSENE OIL (120 degrees

259 gallons KEROSENE OIL (12) degree test).
250 gallons KEROSENE HEADLIGHT OIL (40) degrees test).
21 sacks LIVERPOOL FILLED SALT.
120 barrels HERRINGS (sample).
Mark number and price on each sample.
The said articles to be delivered at the penitentiary, free of all drayage, in such quantities and at such times as the superintendent may direct. Separate bids will be received for any one article on the list. The right to reject any or all bids is reserved. blds is reserved.

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Treasurer's Office of
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N OTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT
the CITY OF MANCHESTER 6 PER
CENT. BONDS, dated January 1, 182,
redeemable at the pleasure of the city
after ten years, are hereby called, and
will be paid on and after January 1, 183, on
presentation at the Merchants' National
Bank, Richmond, Va. Interest will cease
on same January 1, 1833.

J. W. BRONAUGH, JR.,
delf-t jal Treasurer.

dett-t in1 THOMAS BRANCH & CO.,

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Richmond, A. Dec. 5, 1892

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